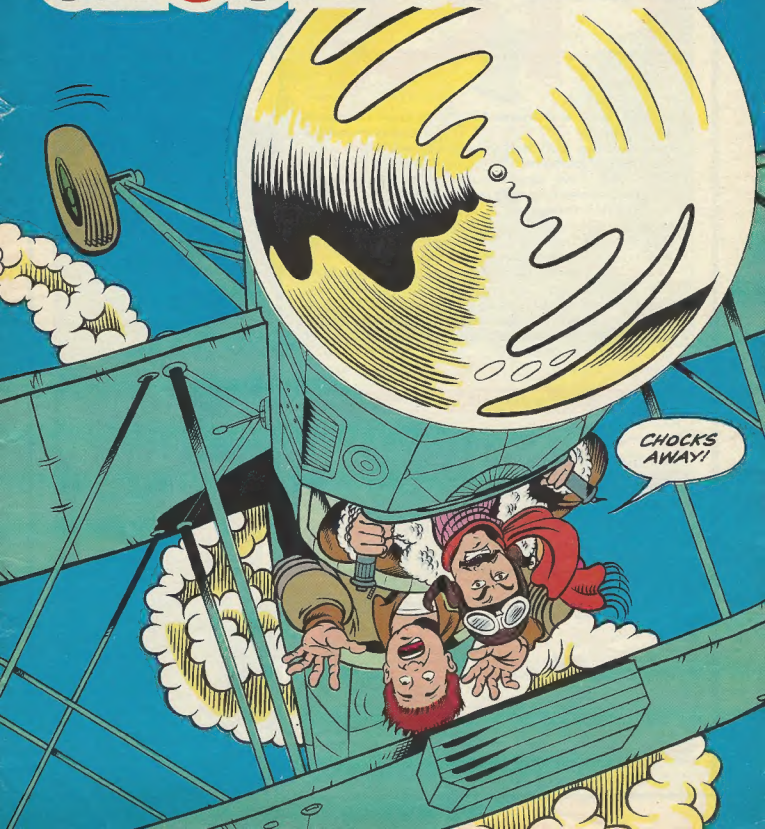


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THE REAL

No 40 38p
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GH0STBUSTERS™





Splat! Splat! and Double Splat! This week's fabulous issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** catches fire with a truly explosive story in the shape of **Fiery Fiend!** Here, the dynamic foursome find themselves in the firing line when they have some trouble which can only be described as *elementary*. Does this dampen their spirits? Do they find themselves in deep water? Well, we all know the Ghostbusters would cross fire and water to bust a spook! They don't even have the chance to relax when they go to watch a movie, as they find out in **Silver Scream!** Here they really get the chance to rub shoulders with the stars! Can they project their professional and scientific methods of busting onto the offending ghostie? Will they ever dream of being in the movies again? There's only one way to discover these mysteries, so let the flood-gates open and... lights... camera and... action!

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

FIERY FIEND

I KNOW WE LIVE IN AN OLD FIRE STATION, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

YEAH! PETER'S RIGHT, THIS IS THE FOUR-TEENTH FIRE WE'VE BEEN CALLED OUT TO THIS WEEK!



GHOSTBUSTERS! THANK YOU FOR COMING SO QUICKLY!

WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM, SIR?



AS YOU KNOW THIS IS JUST THE LATEST IN A SPATE OF MYSTERIOUS FIRES THAT HAVE IG-NITED ALL OVER THE CITY.

EMMMM!

YEAH! SO WHAT!



WELL AS YOU ALSO KNOW, EACH TIME WE GET CALLED OUT TO ONE OF THESE MYST-TERIOUS FIRES...

IT HAS MYSTERIOUSLY PUT ITSELF OUT!



YOU KNOW WHAT?

WHAT?

THAT'S MYSTERIOUS!

NO! THIS IS MORE THAN MYSTERIOUS!
IT'S WEIRD, BECAUSE I TELL YOU
FOLKS, I DON'T BELIEVE IN ALL
THOSE GHOST STORIES, BUT THIS
TIME I SAW IT!

WHAT DID
YOU
SEE?

IT WAS LIGLY, REAL LIGLY, LIKE
A LAUGHING WATERFALL, ALL
SQUIDGY AND BLUE.

LOVELY
DESCRIPTION.
LET'S GET
THIS GUY TO
A HOSPITAL!

NO PETER! HE'S NOT
MAKING IT UP, I'M PICK-
ING UP P.K.E.*

PERHAPS IT WAS A
FREAK CLOUD-
FORMATION, EGON?

OR AN INTER-
DIMENSIONAL-
WEATHER-
GLITCH!

*PSYCHO KINETIC ENERGY

NOPE! THIS ONE'S
FOR REAL!
LOOK!

COME ON, LET'S SNUFF THIS
ONE OUT! I COULD DO
WITH SOME LIGHT
ENTERTAINMENT!

LET'S ZAP IT BEFORE
IT CAN DO MORE
DAMAGE TO THE
CITY!

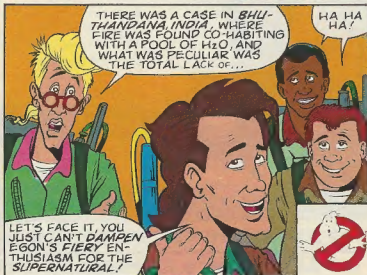
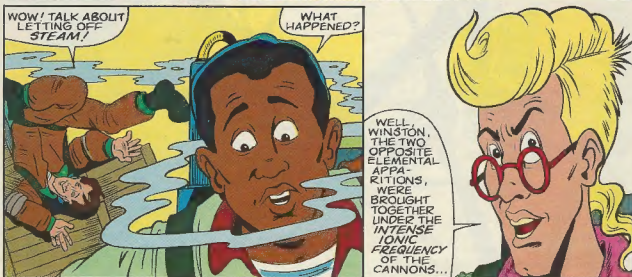
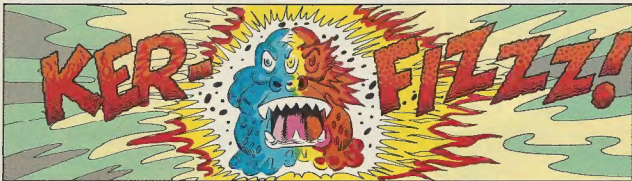
YEAH,
RAY, NOBODY
SETS FIRE TO
A WAREHOUSE
IN MY
TOWN!

DRIP DROP
LITTLE
APRIL
SHOWERS,
HA HA
HA!

HEY!
LOOK
OUT!







DEATH'S HEAD

A stylized black silhouette of a skull with horns and glowing white eyes, positioned to the left of the title.

BUY THIS
COMIC...

...AND
STAY HEALTHY,
YES?

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SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

ELEMENTALS

Even in the crude twig-paintings of the Dum Wakka Dum Wakka People of Central Fungelatamia, who have no conception of any number greater than three or any colour other than mauve, we can see a consciousness of that ancient human notion that every thing in the world is composed of four essential elements: Fire, Water, Earth and Air.

This basic pattern can be found in every sphere of life from astrological signs to the conceptualising of the great philosophers. It is interesting, therefore, that since time immemorial, the Supercosmos has rendered us four spirits that personify these four types of matter. We call them Elementals.

O' Level Chemistry?

Tobin asserts that Elementals are the fault of the Sean O'Level, a fourteenth century Irish alchemist and mystic, who was trying to separate the elemental properties of Gold from natural base metals. In a spectacular metallurgic catastrophe involving, according to Holinshed's Chronicles:

'...three great pottes of copper, nine serving men, a Jersey cow, five gold rings, four calling birds, three french hens, two turtle-necks and a mistletoe bush belonging to his mother...'
O'Level succeeded in dividing four demons from the



PART 40

base metal: one of fire, one of water, one of air and one of earth. These four Elementals went on the rampage and have been spawning others like them ever since.

Pharoah Nuff?

Tobin's O'Level theory does not, of course, take into account the tale of the ninth dynasty Egyptian Pharoah, Halitoses Nuff. In the wall-carved hieroglyphics all through the east wing of Nuff's now ruined palace at Happenasnott, we can read of the Four Dread Plagues that struck the kingdom during his rule. In successive years, Happenasnott was flooded in a tidal wave, burnt in a fire storm, blasted in a typhoon and finally flattened by an earthquake. The wall-carvings related that this was because Nuff had

GUIDE

insulted the name of Biile, the vindictive god of tummy trouble. His bad luck lasted through to his descendants, and is believed to be the cause of the early death of that very famous pharoah, Tutenkhamen.

Tooting Carmen?

Whatever the origin of Elementals, there can be no doubt that their most famous manifestation in modern times took place in Tooting, London, in 1936, during an amateur production of Bizet's *Carmen*. The leading man, a talented Italian tenor named Al Pesto, was about to go into the rousing matador chorus, when the backdrop spontaneously combusted due to the unwanted attentions of a fire Elemental. In the resulting confusion, the orchester pit filled three quarters full of water, the woodwind section played all by themselves and the entire theatre moved three yards to the north during an earth tremor. Most bizarre of all, was that at the height of the chaos, as flames licked around the curtain, the walls shuddered, and reedy bubbling noises vaguely resembling the tune of *They Call The Wind Maria*, gurgled up out of the pit, the ghostly form of an ancient Egyptian appeared on the stage, peered sadly at the terrified audience and said:
'Look, I'm awfully sorry, but it really has nothing to do with me...'



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and BAMBOS Colouring HEL

When the Ghostbusters were hired to get rid of a ghost haunting an air museum, Ray volunteered for the job immediately. Ray has never disguised his interest in all things mechanical, from the engine of ECTO-1, to the workings of Egon's Alternative Continuity Generator. The opportunity to go and see some vintage aeroplanes was just too good to miss. As soon as ECTO-1 drove through the gates of Farnum Bailey's Air Emporium, the Ghostbuster could see the problem. In front of him, visitors to the air museum were fleeing in panic from the flight of a ghostly First World War triplane. The plane dived over their heads, leaving trails of ecto-slime in its wake. In the cockpit, a ghostly apparition, complete with flying helmet, cackled wildly as it flew back and forth in front of the museum's large hangar.

"You must stop this", squealed a very short, red-faced man to Ray as he pulled up. "This is ruining my business!"

"You must be Farnum Bailey", said Ray, grabbing his Proton Pack and Gun from the car. "Well, I'm sure I can deal with this menace for you in next to no time."

Farnum Bailey gave a terrified squeak as he saw the ghost coming back. "I'll be under my desk if you need me!" he screamed, running for his office. Ray shrugged – people get scared so easily. Inside the hangar, he could see a huge selection of planes. A Spitfire, a Lockheed P-38, even a Bristol F.2B. However, there was no time for nostalgia, the ghost was making another sweep, and he was heading straight for Ray!

Ray raised his Proton Gun and fired at what he could see now was a Fokker. The energy beam crackled upwards, but the ghost seemed to have anticipated it, swerved his plane at the last moment, looped the loop and sprayed Ray with slime. "Not good enough, Ghostbuster!" came the ghostly cry, as the plane flew off into the blue.

"I say", said a voice. "Never catch the blighter that way, eh, what? You'll have to catch him in the air." Ray looked up to see a young man standing beside him, dressed in flying gear, complete with flying boots and jacket, silk scarf and a pair of goggles dangling from his pocket. The man twirled his moustache, looking at the slime on Ray's uniform. "That stuff makes an awful mess, what?"

"What?" replied Ray. "Do you work here?"

"Captain Fulton's the name", he replied, shaking Ray by the hand. "You could say I was passing through. Come on, let's catch that ghost, eh, what?"

"Why do you keep saying what?" asked Ray, as the man led him to the hangar.

"What? Do keep up, there's very little time, you know."

It was at this point that Ray saw what the man was leading him to. "We're not flying in that!" he exclaimed, pointing at the Bristol.

"Not afraid of flying, are you?" asked Fulton, climbing into the pilot's seat.

"Some people get scared so easily!"

"I'm not exactly scared", Ray replied, "but is this plane safe to fly?"

"Safe? SAFE?" replied the pilot. "Of course it's safe. 'Why, I'd stake my life on it.'"

Reluctantly, Ray climbed aboard. The plane's engine coughed into life, shuddered a little, then pattered out onto the museum's runway. With a roar from the engine, it bounced merrily once, twice, then off into the air.

"Sorry about that", shouted the man. "More used to a Sopwith. Soon get the hang of the thing, what?"

Ray thought the only reason that Captain Fulton kept saying 'what' was that flying had made him deaf. The noise from the bi-plane's engine was tremendous, and Ray could feel the gush of wind blowing in his face. "Put these on", shouted the Captain again, passing back some gog-

gles. "Got to see your target, eh?"

Suddenly, the Fokker blazed straight past the Bristol, peppering the side with slime.

"Tally ho!" screamed the Captain, as Ray depressed the power switch on his Proton Gun. The Bristol dived, speeding after the ghost which looked back and screamed in sudden fear. "He's recognised me", said Fulton again, "Now for some fun!"

"What do you mean, 'recognised you'?" shouted Ray, as the Fokker banked into some clouds with Fulton hot on its tail.

"That's Baron von Richstaken", explained Fulton. "Shot me down over France in 1917. Never forgiven him for it."

"1917? That must mean you're a..." Ray slumped into his seat. His pilot was a ghost too!

"Buck up, old chap. Richstaken ahead!"

Ray took a deep breath, recovered, and readied his Proton Gun. "Get him!" shouted Fulton, and a blast of protonic energy slammed into the ghostly plane. Richstaken screamed with anger, but he was caught! Ray threw an activated Trap out of the Bristol, and the Fokker was sucked into it in an instant. A parachute flapped open from the Trap and it floated gently towards the ground. "Special issue Trap", explained Ray. "It's got a homing device built-in, so I can pick it up later."

"Jolly good shooting", said Fulton. "Pity you weren't with me over France."

"Er, hadn't you better take me back to the air museum, now?"

"Can't do that old chap," replied Fulton. "You've just captured the reason I've been forced to haunt the airways all these years. I'm free to go, now!"

"Go?" shouted Ray. "Go where?"

"Goodbye!" smiled Captain Fulton, saluting. "You can find your own way down, can't you?" With that he vanished in an instant. "Help!" screamed Ray, clambering into the pilot's seat as the plane went into a steep dive. He pulled the plane up with the joystick in front of him and turned it as best he could, guiding the

plane towards the museum. "That ghost may make ME history", he groaned, wondering how he was going to land. "Oh well good job I play a lot of fighter pilot games on Egon's computer - this shouldn't be too difficult."

The Bristol's engine spluttered, coughed and ground to a halt. "On the other hand..." Ray added, "it could be!" All of a sudden the aeroplane began to drop silently towards the ground. Houses and fields rushed up to meet him with alarming speed. Was this the end? Brought down by a vanishing spook?

Then he saw a large lake ahead of him. With an almighty effort, he pulled the joystick up once more, sending the plane straight into the lake. He landed with an almighty splash. He was safe! Suddenly he heard a bleeping noise above him, and looking up, saw the Ghost Trap on its parachute floating towards him.

"Well, how about that", he grinned, and made a grab for it, as the Bristol bobbed quietly on the water. A few minutes later, Farnum Bailey pulled up in his car at the lakeside, and came rushing towards the waterlogged plane. He was furious! Ray wondered how he was going to explain what had happened. "That's the trouble with being a Ghostbuster", he said to the bleeping Ghost Trap. "All these 'air raising adventures, and no-one believes they ever happened!"



DEAD TRUE!



he fact that ghosts appear in a recognisably human form, is not always true. Some years ago, in a small Yorkshire village, a truly monstrous apparition was seen by three people. Was it a shadowy phantom? No! Was it a headless fiend? No! Was it a hideous, glowing maggot? Yes!

The oozing beast was first spotted by a postman who was passing the graveyard on his way home, one moonlit night. To his horror it crawled from the grave of a recently buried villager, Mr. Peters. Mullins, the postman, forced himself to follow the progress of the wriggling blob, which weaved its way between the tombstones and disappeared when it arrived at the threshold of the vicar's house.

Mullins was completely

horror-stricken, yet fascinated by the apparition, whose eyes held an expression of totally violent and malevolent hatred. Then, the following night, having decided to confide in his wife and his best friend, Mullins and his two companions made their way to the graveyard, in the hope that they would discover something about the luminous mystery. Again, the monster traced a slimy trail to the vicar's house, where it disappeared once more! The following day, the Mullins and their friend received an extreme shock. The vicar and his wife had been taken ill and had died, seemingly of ptomaine poisoning, caused by toxic, decaying animal matter! Intrigued by the course of events, the intrepid trio decided to return the night after. To their dismay, the incandescent worm made a repeat performance, only this time it slithered its way to the house of the local blacksmith. The unfortunate man died before sunset!

The Mullins continued their nightly vigil, but it was not until ten days later that the maggot appeared again, only the ghastly creature headed for their own house! They were powerless and paralyzed with fear and justly so, for in the morning, the life of their five-year old son was claimed by the doom-bringing worm.

Filled with feelings of grief and vengeance, the Mullins visited the grave once again, this time with a plan of action. They dug up the grave of the late Mr. Peters and taking off the lid, they uncovered the corpse, whose face expressed a picture of pure evil! Managing to muster up some composure, they took the body to a deserted field and burnt it, leaving no trace of their activities and nothing was seen of the glowing maggot again.

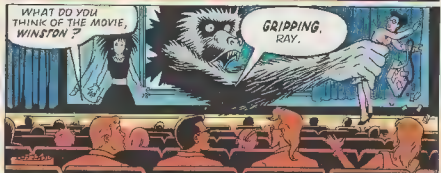
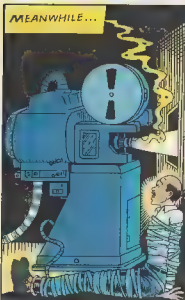
PIANOGEIST

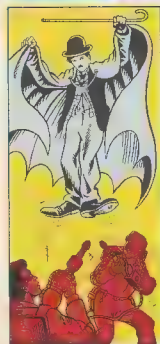
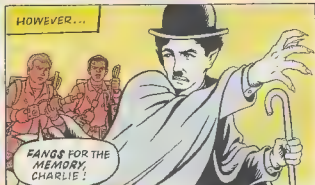
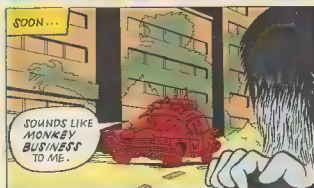


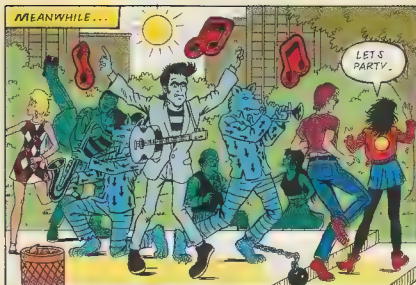
This class one, full-torso apparition materialized one evening when Janine and Egon were having a dinner date in a trendy New York bistro. The apparition was clearly a music-lover, for it appeared, in a somewhat dramatic fashion, from the general direction of the grand piano. The style of the ghost's clothing suggested to the Ghostbusters that this was a phantom from the era which we generally call 'the Roaring Twenties'. They were right, of course, as this was in fact, the ghost of Elsie Charleston, a keen dancer

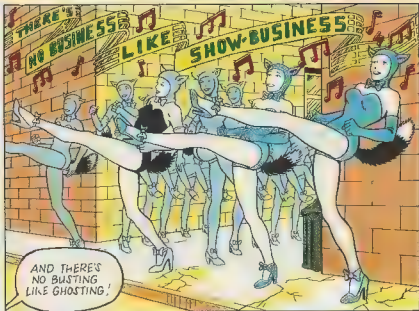
and lover of tea-dances. The unfortunate woman apparently met her untimely end at one of these aforementioned tea-dances, when she tripped over the rather flamboyant tassel-dress she was wearing. Sadly, this caused her to fall over, thus knocking the piano off its revolving platform, which crushed her and a potted aspidistra under its considerable weight. Janine eventually sent Elsie shrieking back into the piano in a fit of feminine jealousy and Elsie disappeared-unbusted.

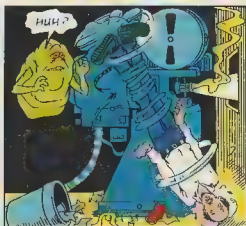
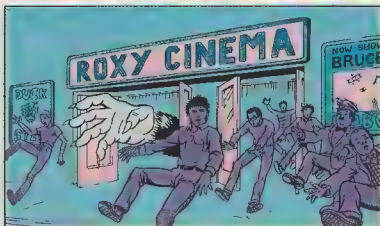
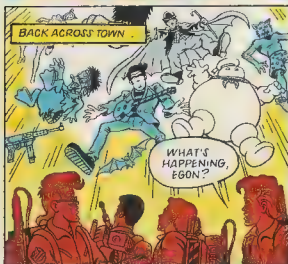
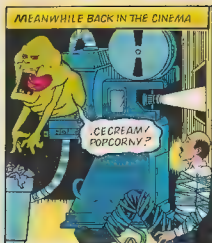
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™











EVERY
MONTH!

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ONLY
40p

THE **FANTASTIC FLY**
HAS ARRIVED!

DOES
ANYONE KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED
TO OUR
TABLECLOTH?

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GHOST WRITING!



Hi, folks! Your letters are still arriving by the sackful here at Ghostbusters' HQ and you've been asking some pretty brain-stretching questions, but I'm cool and can handle it—another ice pack please, Janine!

Dear Peter. . .

Please could you answer my questions:

1. Why don't you bust Slimer when the other guys are out on a bust? (Just between you and me, eh?)
2. I think my sister likes Slimer because every time I get my pot of ectoplasm out she slimes me with it! What do you think of this?

— Ross Bailey, Nottingham.

1. Ross! I'm surprised at you! I know it's tempting, but I couldn't stoop that low. Besides, the other guys would find out and they would never forgive me. 2. Well. . . that seems like an interesting enough hobby to me.

In *Weirdness on Wall Street!*, there is a terrible mistake. Egon gives his glasses to the green, greedy creature and then, in the next frame, Egon is standing there in his disgusting orange boxer shorts. . . wearing his glasses! Please explain.

P.S. Has anyone ever told you that you're a big head!

— Samantha Miller, Hull

Sorry, Samantha, but that was no mistake. Egon is a man of science, and apart from that, he knows a thing or two about keeping spare pairs of glasses in the pocket-lining of his deluxe boxer-shorts, just in case of emergencies.

P.S. Yes, it has been said before and I didn't think it was funny the first time.

I think you are fabby, ace, not forgetting cool and I have some questions for you:

1. Seeing as you made a New Year's Resolution, did Slimer make any?
2. You have said that Slimer is the only ghost to stay at HQ, yet when silly Walter Peck shut down the containment unit, Slimer popped up in a hot-dog stall. Which is true?

— William Porter, County Antrim.

1. Slimer's New Year's Resolution was to eat more food! Predictable, huh? 2. Both of these are true. Slimer did appear at the hot-dog stand after he had been released and we reluctantly adopted him after that as our HQ pet. However, one ghost is most definitely enough. . . more than enough!

In issue eleven, you said that Janine only wears glasses because it makes her look more intellectual, but in one of the Marvel Bumper Comics, she can't see without them. Which of these is true?

— Christopher Ewens, Crawley

Both of these are true. Janine has trouble seeing without them and they also make her look intellectual at the same time. What more could you want?

In Spengler's Spirit Guide, issue 30, you said 'never let Winston drive', but in *The Return of the Grudge Gremlin*, Winston was driving back from fighting a plague of Gremlins. How do you explain that?

— Gareth Warren, Garsington

I think you'll find that the Spirit Guide suggested that Winston shouldn't drive rather than stated it as fact. This isn't a bad rule to try and follow, as you would know if you had ever been on a wild journey with him, but it isn't always practical to stop him from getting behind the wheel, when we're out on a bust.

I have some questions for you:

1. How fat is Ray?
2. What is a Proton Ray made out of?
3. How big is Mr. Stay-Puft?
4. How did Egon get his famous hairstyle?

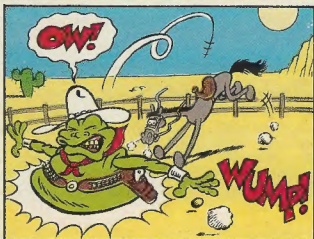
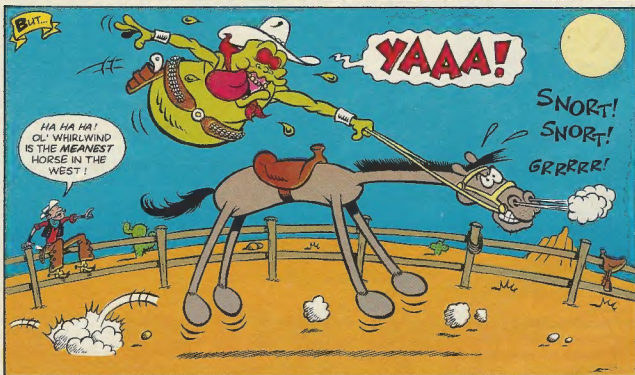
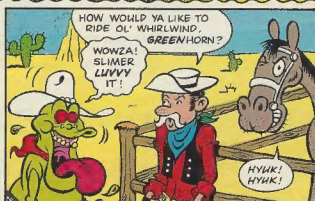
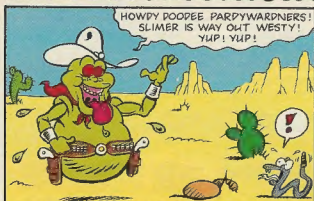
— Stephen Hill, East Kilbride

For some probing questions, here are some probing answers: 1. Fat. 2. Protons. 3. Bigger than Ray. 4. From a famous hair stylist.

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER!



Story **BAMBOS** Art and Lettering **BAMBOS** Colouring **HEL**



THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

☐ **TRANSFORMERS 209** Be prepared for a few shocks in part 2 of *Dark Star*, as Starscream battles the rest of the Transformers – and seems to be winning! Story by Budiansky, Delbo and Hunt.

☐ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 40** There's a battle between the elements in *Fiery Friend*, by John Carnell and Brian Williamson, with one ghost starting fires and another putting them out! Take a trip on the *Spirit Plane*, courtesy of John Freeman, with Ray and a couple of World War 1 pilots in a dogfight – and Ray can't fly! All this and loads more – don't miss it!

☐ **ACTION FORCE 10** Not one, not two, not three, but FOUR great stories! Thrill to *Blood Brothers* by Rimmer and Johnson, *BATS Out Of Hell* by Rimmer, Marshall and Harwood, *War Correspondent* by Rimmer (again?), Wildman and Baskerville, and *Run to Ground*, by Furman, Hoggood and Harwood.

☐ **DRAGON'S CLAWS 10** The final issue! Yes, it's true! But it goes down fighting with Dragon searching for his family, a car chase you wouldn't believe and a lot of home truths learned along the way. *End Of The Road* is by Furman and Senior.

DON'T MISS...

☐ **THUNDERCATS 94** There's lots to read and do in this week's new look issue, with part 3 of *Astral Prison* by Rimmer, Wetherell and Baskerville, a Snarf puppet to make, a Cheetara poster, and a new jokes page! Also a text story by Abnett, *Clockwork Chaos*.

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